



The letter of Miss Merkley, whose picture is printed above, proves beyond question that thousands of cases of inflammation of the ovaries and womb are annually cured by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Gradual loss of strength and nerve force told me something was radically wrong with me. I had severe shooting pains through the pelvic organs, cramps and extreme irritation compelled me to seek medical advice. The doctor said that I had ovarian trouble and ulceration, and advised an operation. I strongly objected to this and decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I soon found that my judgment was correct, and that all the good things said about this medicine were true, and day by day I felt less pain and increased appetite. The ulceration soon healed, and the other complications disappeared, and in eleven weeks I was once more strong and vigorous and perfectly well.

"My heartiest thanks are sent to you for the great good you have done me."—Sincerely yours, Miss MARGARET MERKLEY, 275 Third St., Milwaukee, Wis.—\$5000 forfeit if printed above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.



are delicate and no drastic purgatives should ever be given. Neither should a mother give her child any concoction containing opiates. If necessary to assist Nature to move the little one's bowels give it one-quarter teaspoonful of

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin

Pleasant to the taste—contains nothing which can harm the most delicate organism. Physicians will testify to the truth of this statement. See page 21 of our book of "Proofs." Write for it today.

Mrs. Allie Jackson, of Farmer City, Ill., writes: "My seven months old baby was troubled a great deal with his stomach and bowels. I had tried numerous remedies with no good results, until the baby lost much flesh, and was in poor health. A friend recommended 'Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin.' I procured a bottle at the drug store and gave the contents to the baby according to directions, after which there was a decided improvement in his condition. Have been giving him Syrup Pepsin for about a month, with very satisfactory results, his stomach and bowels being in good healthy condition and his former weight regained."

Your Money Back If It Don't Benefit You
Pepsin SYRUP CO., Monticello, Ill.

Most people think too lightly of a cough. It is a serious matter and needs prompt attention.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure
The Lung Tonic
when the first sign of a cough or cold appears. It will cure you easily and quickly then—later it will be harder to cure.
Prices, 25c, 50c, and \$1.00. 21

Delicious

Mapl-Flake is made from the whole of the wheat, toasted to a delicious brown, and flavored with pure maple syrup.



JANETTE'S HAIR.

Oh, loosen the mood that you wear, Janette,
Let me tangle a hand in your hair, my pet.
For the world to me had no daintier sight
Than your brown hair veiling your shoulders white,
As I tangled a hand in your hair, my pet.

It was brown with a golden gloss, Janette,
It was finer than silk of the loom, my pet,
'Twas a beautiful mist falling down your waist,
'Twas a thing to be braided, and jeweled,
and kissed,
'Twas the loveliest hair in the world, my pet.

My arm was the arm of a clown, Janette,
It was sinewy, bristled and brown, my pet,
But warmly and softly it loved to caress
Your round, white neck and your wealth of tress,
Your beautiful plenty of hair, my pet.

Your eyes had a swimming glory, Janette,
Revealing the old, dear story, my pet,
They were gray, with that chastened tinge
Of the sky,
When the trout leaps quickest to snap the fly,
And they match with your golden hair, my pet.

Your lips—but I have no words, Janette—
They were fresh as the twitter of the birds,
my pet,
When the spring is young and the roses are not
With the dewdrops in each red bosom set,
And they suited your gold-brown hair, my pet.

Oh, you tangled my life in your hair, Janette,
'Twas a silken and golden snare, my pet,
But, so gentle the bondage, my soul did implore
The right to continue your slave evermore,
With my fingers enmeshed in your hair, my pet.

Thus ever I dream what you were, Janette,
With your lips, and your eyes, and your hair, my pet;
In the darkness of desolate years I moan,
And my tears fall bitterly over the stone
That covers your golden hair, my pet.

A SKETCH.

HIS PRICE FOR HIS SOUL.

By F. M. Newland.

"MONEY, money, money!" hummed the electric wires overhead.
"Money, money, money!" sang the sleigh bells in the street.

As Stephen Bane trod heavily along the snowy pavement, his very foot-fall seemed to shout—"Good—hard—cash! Good—hard—cash!"

He gazed into the cold, night sky and saw what seemed to him a great shining, silver dollar, sailing serenely in the heavens.

As he paused a moment before a baker's shop, he saw the baker's boy in cap and apron placing a plate of something that looked to him like immense copper pennies, brown and tempting, in the window.

Turn whichever way he would, Stephen could see nothing but money, hear nothing but money, think or talk of nothing but money. His was a money-cursed life. And yet it was not the possession of money that had ruined him, for he was a poor man. Money had cursed him because he loved it, longed for it, dreamed of it by day and night, envied those who possessed it in abundance and despised those who did not.

"Money, money, money!" shouted a stranger standing on the street corner. "Money to sell, money to give away, money to throw away for the man who wants it! Money, money, money!"

Stephen stopped and gazed at the man in sheer amazement and then bounded forward, his heart beating wildly. In his fearful haste he knocked down women and children, nor paused to see what hurt he had done. He was not the only one in the hurrying crowd who hastened to the side of the strange magician who shouted the strange cry. But no sooner had Stephen reached him than the magician smiled as though he recognized him, and gazed into his eyes as if to read his inmost soul.

Stephen bore this scrutiny with the greatest impatience. Presently, a sleigh dashed by and the bells rang out—a perfect avalanche of silver! At this Stephen could restrain himself no longer and timidly remanded the magician of his lavish offers.

"Oh!" laughed he, "you want money, do you? How much do you want?" Stephen hesitated. Visions of great wealth danced before his eyes. A sudden ambition for unlimited possessions mounted large in his brain.

"I want all I can get," he finally gasped out, "I want hundreds of thousands—millions!"

"How earnestly do you desire it?" asked the magician.

"More than anything else in the world," replied Stephen, eagerly, his voice trembling with excitement.

year—a mere nothing to one so young and strong."

"A year of my life?" cried Stephen, shuddering.

"You may call it that if you like," replied the magician, "but others have willingly given much more and have received less than I have promised you." As he spoke he produced an account book which he opened, showing Stephen page after page. On each was the form of an agreement duly signed and sealed. Some of the names were familiar to him.

"Here's Judge Brines," said the magician. "He has signed five years away and receives fifty thousand."

"Yes, I know him well. He is an older man than I," murmured Stephen.

"Here is Bond, the broker," continued the magician. "He has signed away ten years and I have given him a million."

Stephen wanted to hear no more, but reached for the book with trembling fingers. "I am young and strong," he cried. "I have every prospect of a long life. My father is an old man. My grandfather lived a hundred years. I'll sign away one year, just one year." He wrote his name with fingers that shook with a wild joy mingled with a nameless dread.

"I will hold you to your part of the bargain," he began haughtily, looking up. But the sentence died on his lips, for the magician had disappeared. In his surprise and bewilderment he was tempted to imagine the experience of the last hour nothing but a dream. However, as he started he stumbled and reaching down he found his foot had struck a bag bursting with gold and silver coin.

Laughing with delight at this evidence of the magician's sincerity he quickly gathered up the treasure and hurried on. This was but the beginning of his good luck. Again and again on his way home he found money till his brain grew dizzy as he tried to calculate the wealth of that one night's gathering.

At last he stood on his own doorstep. "The last night in this miserable cottage," he said laughingly to himself. "To-morrow a palace! The last night of meanness and obscurity! To-morrow I will be known and envied as a rich man."

"The last night, indeed!" a sad but stern voice spoke out of the darkness. "Who are you?" demanded Stephen proudly.

"I am the Angel of Death. You must come with me."

"But I have signed only a year, only a year," cried Stephen, gazing into the darkness with horror-stricken eyes.

"It was the only year you had to live, though you knew it not. You must pay the price—a year of life for a handful of gold."—It was the Horn.

Ocotopus-Fishing.
The octopus is so repulsive a creature that one would hardly think of its being edible. Italians, however, have a liking for it, and with them octopus fishing is a considerable industry. In a report by a United States Consul on the trade in Southern Italy, there is an interesting account of the method of capturing the eight-armed monster.

At the end of a long bamboo pole is hung a line baited with a piece of red rag; and this, dangling in front of the rocky hiding places of the octopus, is sufficient to tempt him from his lair. In his efforts to get near the bait the creature is enticed toward the boat, in which the fisherman awaits him armed with a trident, and at the right moment the octopus is impaled in its spikes.

At night a bright light is used to attract the prey, and this in past times would take the form of an iron cradle full of resinous pine, which was carried at the head of the boat. Now science has stepped in, and the fishermen employ an acetylene lamp, which seems to be as attractive to the octopus as a red rag. Unusually large catches have been made since this form of light was adopted, and although its pioneers tried to keep it secret, they did not succeed in doing so, and now so many octopi are being caught that there is thought to be some danger that the coast will be overfished. That, however, is not likely to be the case, for the octopus comes of a very prolific race.

Full-Grown Owl as a Pet.
Perhaps one of the oddest pets in Albany is a full-grown owl owned by William Hill, of 37 Washington avenue. Mr. Hill has a farm in the vicinity of Greenbush Heights, and last fall while gathering the apples from his orchard he captured the owl and brought it home with him.

An owl, when captured after attaining its full growth, is considered one of the hardest birds in the world to keep alive in captivity. Yet Mr. Hill's owl has never shown any signs of pining. Its favorite roost is on the top of a large clock in Mr. Hill's place of business, where it perches for hours at a time, like Poe's raven on the marble bust of Pallas. On this account it has been christened "Owl Father Time."

Three or four times during the day it will fly around the room.

Mr. Hill believes that owls can see much better in the daytime than most persons suppose, for his bird has no trouble in making the circuit of the room without colliding with anything. Moreover, when a piece of fish is left on a bench the owl promptly flies to it and devours it. At other times when hungry the owl will leave his perch on the clock, fly down to the foot and take his station within about two feet of his master, where he will cock his head first on one side and then on the other in the most comical manner. When he is given something to eat he promptly returns to his perch on the clock.—Albany (N. Y.) Press.

ONE DOLLAR WHEAT.

Western Canada's Wheat Fields Produce It—Magnificent Yields—Free Grants of Land to Settlers.

The returns of the Interior Department show that the movement of American farmers northward to Canada is each month affecting larger areas of the United States. Time was, says the Winnipeg Free Press, when the Dakotas, Minnesota and Iowa furnished the Dominion with the main bulk of its American contingent. Last year, however, forty-four states and districts were represented in the official statement as to the former residence of Americans who had homesteaded in Canada. The Dakotas still head the list, with 4,006 entries, Minnesota being a close second with 3,887, but with the exception of Alabama and Mississippi and Delaware every state in the Union supplied settlers who, in order to secure farms in the fertile prairie country of Canada, became citizens of and took the oath of allegiance to, the Dominion. Last year no less than 11,841 Americans entered for homestead lands in Canada.

From the Gulf to the Boundary, and from ocean to ocean, the trek to the Dominion goes on. Not only the wheatgrowers of the central Mississippi valley, but the ranchers of Texas and New Mexico, and the cultivators of the comparatively virgin soil of Oklahoma, are pouring towards the productive vacant lands of the Canadian Northwest. It is no tentative, half-hearted departure for an alien country that is manifested in this exodus; it has become almost a rush to secure possession of land which it is feared by those imperfectly acquainted with the vast area of Canada's vacant lands, may all be acquired before they arrive. There is no element of speculation or experiment in the migration. The settlers have full information respecting the soil, wealth, the farming methods, the laws, taxation and system of government of the country to which they are moving, and they realize that the opportunities offered in Canada are in every respect better and greater than those they have enjoyed in the land they are leaving.

Canada can well afford to welcome cordially every American farmer coming to the Dominion. There is no question but that these immigrants make the most desirable settlers obtainable for the development of the prairie portion of the Dominion. Full information can be had from any authorized Canadian government agent whose address will be found elsewhere in this paper.

Loafers Had Soft Snap.
A policeman in Buda-Pest recently noticed a man opening the back door of an empty and disused theatre with a key, after which he disappeared. The officer, becoming suspicious, summoned reinforcements, and a cordon having been formed round the theatre, the police entered and found large numbers of thieves and loafers who had been missing from their usual haunts comfortably installed. The boxes had been fitted up with beds, and three or four men were sleeping in each. Quantities of house-breaking tools and a large amount of stolen property were also found.

Stunts for a Genealogist.
A Somerville genealogist received recently a letter from a lady who wants to join the Colonial Dames. It began: "I write to ask your assistance in looking up my posterity." Some time ago he received a letter from a lady out West, who wrote that she had been informed that she was descended "from Sir Walter Raleigh, who came over in the Mayflower," and asked him to trace the complete line of descent.—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

"I Think I Know."
Salesville, Ohio, May 2nd.—There is a Civil War veteran in this place who is very positive in his way and when he makes a statement everyone knows he means it and that it is true. His name is Mr. N. J. Stephens, and he has written for publication the following letter:

"I have been a sufferer with Kidney Disease since the Civil War. Sometimes my back would hurt me so that I could not dress myself for weeks. I took a few boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and have found great relief. They have done me a great deal of good."

"My general health is much better since using Dodd's Kidney Pills. I can recommend this remedy to be the best thing for the kidneys that is on the market. I have taken a heap of medicine for my back and kidneys and I think I know what helps me."

"I am 63 years old and was through the Civil War as a soldier."

Mr. Stephens knows that Dodd's Kidney Pills helped him. They will cure any case of Backache.

Example succeeds where argument fails.
Mammon is the mother of misery.

How's This?
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly reliable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by him.

W. L. ALLEN, KENNA & MARY, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 50 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Catarrh Cure for constipation.

It costs \$2.74 to kill a man in war.

Ask Your Dealer For Allen's Foot-Ease.
A powder. It cures the feet. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Sore, Hot, Callous, Aching, Swelling Feet and Ingrowing Nails. Allen's Foot-Ease makes new or tight shoes easy. At all Druggists and Shoe stores, 25 cents. Accept no substitute. Sample mailed free. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

FATE OF AN EXPLORER.

Made An Idiot By Tortures Inflicted By Tibetans.

His last journey was to the North, into the strange countries that inclose the Himalayas, and when they found him again, he was like that—again Collin pointed to the portrait of the stricken man's son. He was like that—only worse—far worse! He had set out young, vigorous, alert; he came back bowed as if with age, his hair white, his face sunken and furrowed, his mind disordered, and peculiarly horrible must have been the expression of his eyes. For the lids had been slit across the middle, and were now but half healed. He is said to have tottered into the station without knowing it for what it was; as though he had been led to a point in the road and left to take his chance. Thus he returned again, and no one knew where he had been or what great trials had so changed him; for he had no answer to the questions they put, and he was alone; he knew nothing, his memory and with it his whole past seemed lost to him, nor did he even recognize the friends into whose care he had come. They sent him home after a while, to this house; and here he was won back to some semblance of life by the devoted woman, whom, later on, he married—the mother of his son. He lived here quietly for a number of years, he and his wife and the boy, and then one night he blew his brains out.—Metropolitan Magazine.

DAN DALY AND THE EDITOR.
Comedian Had Rather the Best of Short Controversy.

Dan Daly in his younger days essayed to write fiction, and went to the editor of a Boston paper with his first effusion. The editor criticised the work severely and advised the future comedian to study Nathaniel Hawthorne.

The vein of humor peculiar to Daly had developed even at that early date. He said reflectively: "If my story were printed it would measure about half a column, would it not?"

"About that," replied the editor, wondering what that had to do with it.

"Your rate of payment is \$5 per column, I believe?" pursued the young man.

"Yes."

"Good day. I like to be pleasant and agreeable and popular with everybody; I am even willing to deprecate Hawthorne to please an editor—but not for \$2, not for \$2."

Whereupon he casually departed.—New York Times.

Compromised With the Rat.
A Portland man who maintains a summer cottage on the cape has during the past winter exercised a bit of diplomacy that achieved the desired result nicely. During last fall a large rat made its appearance about the cottage that defied all efforts to trap or exterminate it, and the aggressive campaign was abandoned in despair. But it would not do to leave the rodent in full and free possession of the premises, as the mischief it might inflict on the furnishings during the winter would be considerable. The owner concluded to try an expedient that suggested itself to him, and, as before stated, the plan proved an emphatic success. At least once a week the cottage has been visited and a quantity of food left in the cellar. This arrangement was at once ratified by the rodent, which has abstained from depredations in consideration for the bounty upon which it has waxed sleek.—Kennebec Journal.

A Criminal Paradise.
Spain's criminal settlement in the Zafar Islands is said to be quite a paradise of convicts. Their liberty is restricted only so far that they must not leave the islands and must return at night to prison unless they obtain leave of absence for the night. At 6 o'clock in the morning the convicts leave the prison. Some do a little work, but the majority go straight to the various wineshops and hostleries, where they pass the day drinking, singing and occasionally breaking the monotony of life with a little knife—for each respectable prisoner carries his "faca" (knife) day and night with him. This idyllic state of things appears less strange if one considers that the prison warders—the "capatares"—are the liquor sellers of the islands, and that a good deal of illicit trading is carried on in those places of resort, the prisoners buying revolvers, ammunition, housebreakers' tools and similar articles.—Chicago News.

His Package.
I got a Christmas package. It was a costly gift; indeed, that Christmas package was all that I could lift.

I did not get that package. All at a single store; that package I collected. At fifteen shops or more.

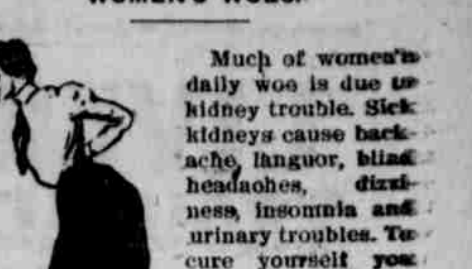
I carried home that package. And rang the front door bell; my wife behind that package. But did not greet it well.

She gazed upon that package. And felt, she said, "where did you get that package? You monster, no to be!"

—None News.

Long-Lived Married Women.
By far the greater part of the centenarians who died in 1903 were women, and nearly all of them were married. One of these specimens of longevity had not slept out of London for sixty years, which fact the Lady's Pictorial takes as a proof of the purity and invigorating power of L22 don air.

WOMEN'S WOES.



Much of women's daily woes is due to kidney trouble. Sick kidneys cause backache, languor, biliousness, headache, dizziness, insomnia and urinary troubles. To cure yourself you must cure the kidneys. Profit by the experience of others who have been cured.

Mrs. William W. Brown, professional nurse, of 16 Jane St., Paterson, N. J., says: "I have not only seen much suffering and many deaths from kidney trouble, but I have suffered myself. At one time I thought I could not live. My back ached, there were frequent headaches and dizzy spells, and the kidney secretions were disordered. Doan's Kidney Pills helped me from the first, and soon relieved me entirely of all the distressing and painful symptoms."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mrs. Brown will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists; price 50 cents per box.

How to Keep House.
With all the luxuries and pleasures of this life, its big enjoyments and its smaller comforts, there is an offset or antithesis which we have to contend with in the form of aches and pains. In some way and by some means every one has a touch of them in some form at some time. Trifling as some of them may be, the risk is that they will grow to something greater and rack the system with constant torture. There is nothing, therefore, of this kind that we have a right to trifle with. Taken in time, the worst forms of pains and aches are easily subdued and cured by the free use of St. Jacobs Oil. No well-regulated household ought to be without a bottle of this great remedy for pain. It is the specific virtue of penetration in St. Jacobs Oil that carries it right to the pain spot and effects a prompt cure even in the most painful cases of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sciatica. You want it also in the house at all times for hurts, cuts and wounds, and the house that always has it keeps up a sort of insurance against pain.

A Swedish sculptor has solved the problem of casting statues in one piece.

DO YOUR CLOTHES LOOK YELLOW?
If so, use Red Cross Blue Balm. It will make them white as snow. 2 oz. package 5 cents.

SARCASM OF ORCHARD OWNER.
German Asks Only That Thieves Spare Part of Product.

There is a tone of gentle irony in this advertisement from a German newspaper: "To those kind friends who during 1903 have shown such interest in the contents of my humble garden. Take notice that in future the keys can always be had on application, even during the night, and that to enter by the gate is much less dangerous than climbing over the wall. I shall be further deeply grateful if in future you would be so generous as to leave a little of the produce for my needs. The trees in the orchard, from present appearances, seem to promise a fine crop, but when gathering the fruit I should be obliged if in future you could do so without finding it necessary to pull the trees down. It would also insure you a larger selection in time to come. For the same reason I beg you to carry a lantern, so that you do not destroy the greater part of the vegetables in walking over the beds. Thanking you warmly in advance.—H. Spengler."

Christianity and Cooking.
The British public has humor, even though it be unconscious, as the following advertisement for a "cook lady," in a local paper, proves: Cook wanted; no objection to a Christian, provided she is also a good cook."

SOAKED IN COFFEE.
Until Too Stiff to Bend Over.

"When I drank coffee I often had sick headaches, nervousness and listlessness much of the time but about 2 years ago I went to visit a friend and got in the habit of drinking Postum."

"I have never touched coffee since and the result has been that I have been entirely cured of all my stomach and nervous trouble."

"My mother was just the same way, we all drink Postum now and have never had any other coffee in the house for two years and we are all well."

"A neighbor of mine a great coffee drinker, was troubled with pains on her side for years and was an invalid. She was not able to do her work and could not even mend clothes or do anything at all where she would have to bend forward. If she tried to do a little hard work she would get such pains that she would have to lie down for the rest of the day."

"I persuaded her at last to stop drinking coffee and try Postum Food Coffee and she did so and she has used Postum ever since; the result has been that she can now do her work, can sit for a whole day and mend and can sew on the machine and she never feels the least bit of pain on her side, in fact she has got well and it shows coffee was the cause of her whole trouble."

"I could also tell you about several other neighbors who have been cured by quitting coffee and using Postum in its place." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each pkg. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."